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With a
SMILE
Is a Shave
WORTH
WHILE



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Shaving in the modern way—with modern utensils—is a real pleasure rather than a nuisance.

However, even some of the latest shaving devices are not a big improvement over the old. But we are in position to know which are the most worthy, as we have had an opportunity to investigate them all.

We tender you a most hearty invitation to inspect our worthy assortment of razors—strops—hones—blades—brushes—soaps in all forms—soothing ointments—etc.

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The need of the hour is good seeds and you need Burpee's. Seeds to lessen the table expenses and to store for the future. Burpee's Annual, the Leading American Seed Catalog for 1918, has been enlarged and improved. It is mailed free. Write for it today. W. Atlee Burpee Co., Seed Growers, Philadelphia.

MOUNTAIN JOE

By LEON W. DEAN.

Mountain House Joe he was called. If it was an exclusive bit of scenery you wanted, an exceptionally fine trout or a deer in season, Mountain House Joe would see that you got it.

He was like any one of a hundred other Adirondack guides—and different. Just where the likeness left off and the difference began it was hard to tell. Whatever the reason, Mountain House Joe was considered the most popular guide in the mountains.

One night in the rugged defiles of Indian pass he gave us the first real peep beneath the crust. We were looking away over a score of darkening mountain peaks to where Whiteface reared its lofty head, still strongly etched against the northern sky.

"How sings Horace?—mud! mud! opera!—the toll-weight mass of the world! I wonder what the old Roman would say if he could look upon a sight such as this?"

It was Lieutenant Golden who spoke. Joe, squatting on his heels by the fire where he was preparing the evening meal, turned his head abruptly.

"If he were modest he would say that you had just given him credit for what rightfully belongs to Ovid."

The temptation had proved too provoking and our cook of many a merry excursion had suddenly become a scholar of the classics. But straightway he was Mountain House Joe again and no amount of urging on our part could complete the metamorphosis.

"What the deuce is the matter with the fellow?" whispered Charlie Osgood after a series of inglorious attempts to inveigle him into conversation.

Despairing at length of a story from Joe, which we had come to anticipate as a part of the regular evening program, we turned back to the papers which the ladies had brought with them, now several days old.

It was fall and the annual Yale-Harvard football battle was only a few weeks distant. The papers were full of it.

We were a Harvard crowd and felt free to express our minds.

"All Brickley," said Dick Valentine turning the pages, "All Brickley and Harvard."

It was Mrs. Mabel who saved the day. Mrs. Mabel was Dick's wife, but that didn't happen to help Dick any in this instance.

She laughed, and when Mrs. Mabel laughs it is irresistible. "Well, I guess we clean forgot that Cambridge wasn't the center of the earth," she said. "And it wasn't any farther back than our own day when the Blue was treating us as we are treating them. You don't forget one Chase, do you, boys?"

"Forget Joe Chase? I reckon not. No Harvard man of our time is likely to do that. He beat us for two years with a poor eleven behind him. No, we aren't forgetting Joe Chase."

"Well," continued Mrs. Mabel, "I think Dell knows ever a little more about Yale and Joe Chase than the rest of us. How about it?"

All eyes were turned inquiringly on Dell.

"We were to have been married," she said simply.

I saw Mrs. Mabel color to the ear tips.

Dell alone was undisturbed.

"Father and mother had picked out the man they wanted me to marry, and it wasn't Joe Chase. He had more money and therefore more social standing than Joe. Father did the only underhand thing I have ever known him to do in his life and sorely has he repented. He told Joe he wasn't in our class. Joe had often tried to tell me the same thing, but I wouldn't listen to him. He was proud and did must have used plain language. Before I could stop him he had gone. You have seen Joe hit the line when ten yards were needed for a first down and you know it wasn't his way to turn back. He meant to leave me free and he has, for we have never heard of him from the day he walked out of dad's office five years ago. Anyway, I didn't marry the family's choice—they couldn't force me into that—and I only wish Joe knew that my heart had been as strong as his and that there was never any other but himself."

The silence that followed Dell's words sets me to fidgeting even yet when I think of it. No one seemed able to say anything. Charlie Osgood attempted to cough; then seemed horrified at what he had done.

Dick tried valiantly to find a rallying point from which gently to move our demoralized forces, for it was clear that any sudden change of front might startle Dell into regretting her confession.

"Well," he said, "I'll wager even money, ten to ten, that Harvard wins two weeks from Saturday."

A tall lean figure stalked into the firelight circle.

We looked up in surprise. It was Mountain House Joe, the guide.

"I'll cover that bet," he said quietly. Dell had half risen to her feet.

"When I saw that look in her eyes," said Charlie Osgood, telling of it afterward, "I thought my scalp was called for sure. Then that big lanky son-of-a-gun grabbed her as though it was the real thing in a wild Indian massacre and I closed my eyes to shut out the tragedy. When I opened them again they were still hugging each other."

RETURNS FROM PRISON CAMP

British Soldier Long Given Up as Dead Was Captive in the Hands of the Germans.

Given up as dead 12 months ago a Birmingham (Eng.) soldier has returned to his family. The discovery that he was a prisoner of war came about in quite an interesting and curious fashion. A chum, who enlisted with him, went "over the top" in an attack recently, and secured the surrender of a German wounded in the hand. In British sporting spirit, Tommy commenced to render rough first aid, as the wound was bleeding badly, and then, according to his letter home, "all went black, and I felt like putting my bayonet through him, for he was wearing poor old—'s ring.' The soldier went on to say that he threatened Fritz with summary execution, thinking he had robbed the dead; and the Bavarian implored him to stay his hand, and in broken English was emphatic that the missing man was a prisoner, and had bargained the ring to him for food, after the missing Tommy had lain out two nights with a bad wound in the arm and was picked up by the enemy. Further questioning elicited that he had been sent to one of the big prisoners' camps and later on to do work behind the lines on an eastern front. A few days ago the German's statement that their son was alive was confirmed by a letter from him to his family.

RIGGED FOR WHALE



The Kid—If me tackle only holds out I orter have pretty good sport.

CAUSES SINGING OF TELEGRAPH

The singing of telegraph wires is sometimes regarded as a weather prognostic, though opinions differ as to the kind of weather it foretells, says the Popular Science Monthly. There has been much discussion as to the cause of this sound. Probably it is simply the Aeolian harp effect, and its occurrence depends chiefly upon the direction of the wind in relation to the direction in which the wires run. Variations in the pitch of the sound depend upon changes in the tension of the wires with varying temperature.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Our chauffeur wants to marry me, papa," said the daughter of the rich man.

"Marry you! Well, I like his nerve!" exclaimed the incensed parent.

"Oh, I'm glad of that, papa. I was so afraid you wouldn't."

INDUCING ACTION.

"What's your idea of the difference between a statesman and a demagogue?"

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "a statesman tries to lead the people. A demagogue raises a holler and tries to stampede them."

HIS PLATE WAS BROKEN.

Sister—Do you think that Billy Van Dusen will ask me to marry him?

Brother—He will for all of me. A cuss that won't lend me money can expect no favors in the advice line!

EXPLAINED.

Wife—I dreamed last night, dear, that I was in a box party at the theater.

Hub—Oh! That explains why you were talking so loud in your sleep.—Boston Evening Transcript.

CAUTIOUS COMMUNICATION.

"I'm going to tell you something in confidence," said the diplomat.

"All right," replied the cynic. "Tell that particular person of my acquaintance."

WILLIAM SMITH COMMONEST NAME.

There are 100,000 "Smiths" listed in the allotment and allowance files of Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department, and official word has been received at Camp Zachary Taylor that it has furnished its quota of soldiers bearing that name, with 1,040 "John Smiths," 200 "John A. Smiths," 1,560 "William Smiths," and 200 "William H. Smiths." It takes 110 card index trays and a good-sized squad of filing experts to keep track of all of the enlisted men in the fighting force of this country who answer to the name of "Smith" and according to a recent letter from the War Department the Lincoln Division is well supplied. The above figures were sent to the local camp in order that the officers stationed there would have some idea of the amount of work that it required in Washington to keep track of the "Smiths" alone.

There are 262 John J. O'Briens in the files at Washington, and in fifty cases the wife's name is Mary. There are 15,000 Millers and 15,000 Williams on file. There are 1,000 John Browns and 1,200 John Johnsons.

DEEDS RECORDED APR. 15, 16, 17

Walter Cox and wife to Benger Redd. Lot in Gracey. \$250.

W. P. Winfree & Sons Co. to Bettie McGregor. Lot on Brown street. \$337.13.

Peter Barker to Concord Colored Baptist church. Church lot on Barker's Mill road. \$1.

L. E. Thompson and wife to J. K. Thomas. Tract land on Sand Lick road. \$1 and other considerations.

Henry Van Hooser and wife to W. T. Van Hooser. House and lot on 17th street. \$1,000.

Young Long and wife to H. F. Keys. 39 acres on Bushy Fork creek. \$390.

Anabel Pitts and husband to Ada Phelps. Lot on Clay street in Stites addition. \$1.

D. D. McMath and wife to Mrs. C. A. Prowl. Lot in Pembroke. \$1,600.

Jackson Jones and wife to J. J. Powell. Tract land near Oval. \$150.

U.S. TO TRAIN MEN AT UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY.

Lexington, Ky., April 18.—President Frank L. McVey, of the University of Kentucky, to-night announced that the War Department had definitely decided to train 400 men at the university, commencing May 7. These men will be training for two months and then will be replaced by others. Two hundred and ten men will be assigned to the motor truck drivers and chauffeurs' section, 100 to the section in radio communication, forty to carpenters, thirty to blacksmiths and twenty to electricians.

The Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association grounds were accepted for use of the mep.

WAR GARDENS DECORATE RAILWAY RIGHT OF WAYS.

(By International News Service.)

Memphis, Tenn., April 17.—War gardens are to be seen from the window of almost any passenger train in the South. In some sections long strips of land paralleling the right-of-way are in cultivation. A field thirty feet wide, or less, and a half mile long, is not uncommon. There are innumerable little gardens to be found between the end of the cross-ties and the right-of-way fence.

WILL FIGHT ATTEMPT TO FIX PRICE OF COTTON.

Washington, April 18.—Senator Smith, of South Carolina, in a statement to-day, declared that any attempt by the Price-fixing Committee of the War Industries Board, in its negotiations with the National Cotton Manufacturers' Association to fix the price of cotton would be met with strong opposition. Authority for such action, he said, would have to come from Congress, and he added that he anticipated no such legislation.

Pork! Pork! Pork!

Do not neglect your hogs, Feed a Balanced Ration and push them to maturity.

In this way you help our government, our army, our navy, our allies and yourself most of all.

The Acme Mills.

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City Bank & Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits

\$180,000.00

Bank Assets Over

\$1,000,000.00

The Largest of Any Bank in Christian County

The Long and Successful Career of This Bank Recommends It As a Safe Depository.

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JNO. B. TRICE, Vice-Pres.

IRA L. SMITH, Cashier

J. A. BROWNING, Jr., Asst Cashier

Startling News Is Crowding the Telegraph Wires Every Day

Undoubtedly We Have Entered Upon the Most Momentous Months in the History of the Universe.

The World Revolves Around Newspapers --If You Want the News and All the News While It Is Really News, You Must Read the Courier-Journal Every Day.

The Hopkinsville Daily Kentuckian has made a clubbing arrangement with the Courier-Journal by which people of this section may get the Courier-Journal every day but Sunday by mail and the Hopkinsville Daily Kentuckian both a full year for \$7.00. The Daily Courier-Journal alone costs subscribers \$5.00 per year.

The Courier Journal is the most quoted newspaper in America. Its news and views are not excelled by any publication anywhere. Place your order through the Hopkinsville Daily Kentuckian or L. E. Barnes, Courier-Journal agent.

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These cool mornings by using a Gas Heater to take the edge off the room.

We have the famous "Hot Spot" heaters. None better. A call at our office will convince you.

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